

To The Edge by Greedy_Insanity

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Summary:

When your soulmates last words are on your wrist, do you really want to meet your soulmate?

Or two teenage boys deny their love for each other, until they realize they can't.

A Stranger Things Harringrove (Billy X Steve) Soulmate AU. Just a fluff filled oneshot, but let me know what you think! Kind of veers from canon, as Billy isn't quite a butt hole.

To The Edge

Author's Note:

Open to criticism again, for anyone who wants to give it! I had a little bit of trouble with this piece, but at least its legible.

Title: To The Edge

Fandom: Stranger Things

Characters: Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove

Warnings: mention of sex, abuse, depression-like symptoms if you squint

Wordcount: 1,963

The covers radiated warmth, twisted from their earlier activities. Steve was on his back, one hand propped behind his head as he caught his breath. The body next to him was unbearably warm, but Steve couldn't imagine trying to detangle himself from the arm around his waist. However, the sweat beading at his brow proved he would have to detach Billy sooner than he wanted. The room they were in was stuffy, with the window drapes drawn together haphazardly.

There was more than one secret was in that room that night.

"I love you." Steve could feel the blush spreading across his cheeks when he broke the silence. He couldn't believe himself. He didn't know why he said that. It was a heat of the moment thing, he thought. Steve could feel the awkwardness in the air, and turned to look at Billy, who was curled into his side. Billy's eyes were glued on him, blue and unblinkingly. Steve swallowed, his mouth dry. "What?"

Billy's pink tongue darted out, swiping over his lips. Steve stared, warmth flooding over him.

"It's nothing," Billy said, reaching over and cupping Steve's neck with

a hand. He pulled Steve closer, tucking Steve away from the world under his chin. Steve's hair moved when Billy exhaled, and Steve wanted nothing more than to lay there, basking in comfort, knowing he was wanted. He loved- no, craved- those moments. But, he also couldn't shake the feeling off. Something was wrong. It was never nothing with Billy.

Steve sat up, pulling away from Billy and his warmth. The covers pooled around Steve's waist. The room wasn't very warm anymore. It was stifling.

"B, what?" Steve hoped to coax Billy into answering with his nickname. He waited patiently, fiddling with the covers. He would wait as long as it took for Billy.

Billy had rolled to his back to stare blankly at the ceiling. He didn't seem like he was going to say anything anytime soon. Or he was trapped inside of himself, overthinking and antagonizing his actions. Steve continued in a softer tone, his hands now knotted in the blankets. "Really. What's wrong?"

Billy sat up as well, the blankets pooling around his more defined body. Steve watched, captivated by the man in front of him, as Billy gently clasped Steve's right hand in his own. Billy was so careful, as though worried being too rough would break Steve. Which was the complete opposite from earlier.

Billy's thumbpad brushed over Steve's inner wrist, bringing Steve back to the present. Flat, black ink decorated his skin, the last words his soulmate would say illustrated. *What does it cost?* Steve could feel the pit of terror growing in his stomach, something that always happened when he read those words. He wouldn't know the happiest time of his life until they were over, and it had slipped through his desperate, helpless fingers.

"Wonder what they wanted to buy." Billy's face didn't match his solemn tone. Billy brushed over the skin again, reading over the words again. "Maybe a condom?"

Steve smiled, despite the dirty humor. Whatever was bothering Billy couldn't be that bad if he still had his mind in the gutter. "Gross,

man!” Steve pulled his wrist out of Billy’s hold, hyper aware of how Billy’s shoulders had slumped. Steve searched for something else to say, something that would pull Billy back. “I wouldn’t put it past you.”

“What do you mean by that?” Billy worked each syllable through his teeth, voice dipping low as his blue eyes darkened. Steve shivered, looking at his hands instead of the intense gaze. His cheeks burned. He fiddled with a patch of skin on the back of his hand, mouth dry.

“Sorry,” Steve murmured, shrinking in on himself. He scratched a little harder at the skin, watching it redden. “Sorry.”

“You think I’m your soulmate or some shit?” Billy continued as though Steve didn’t say anything. Steve wanted to crawl into a hole and die from embarrassment. That was too much, too soon. He had screwed up. Nancy was right. He was bullshit. He didn’t know anything.

“I don’t...” Steve’s voice cracked. He tried again, feeling as though he was digging himself a deeper grave. The back of his hand was burning. “I don’t see why it isn’t possible.”

“No way!” Billy laughed coldly, running one hand through his messy hair. Steve watched, transfixed, as Billy shifted from the guy-of-the-present to the guy-of-the-past. The mean grin on his face and the coldness in his eyes were painfully familiar. They reminded Steve of a worse time. “Not me.”

“Why not?” Steve winced at the whine in his voice, his chest tightening. His nail dug painfully into the skin of his hand, close to drawing blood. He was edging towards something dangerous. If he wasn’t careful, he would fall. He didn’t know what was at the bottom. He didn’t *want* to know.

Steve looked at Billy, locking his gaze with those impossibly blue eyes. The emotions he had before, the soft and relaxed state, were long gone. Steve’s stomach turned.

“How could you know that?” Steve didn’t realize his mistake until after he said that, mouth dry and chest tight.

Billy jumped off the edge. Steve could only watch the aftermath, mouth open.

“ *Because , Steve!*” Billy was a storm, his hands waving around. His face was red and he pulled at the bracelets around his wrist. He revealed a new patch of skin Steve never saw before, black ink raised over long tracks that went from one side to the other. Steve was taken back by the pure *fury* that Billy had on his face. He was so focused on Billy’s face that he didn’t look at his wrist. “I know that because of this! You think you have such a sad life, but you don’t even have a clue, Steve! I can’t do this anymore.”

Steve flinched when Billy thrust his hand out towards Steve, showing Steve the writing. Steve attempted to read it, eyes tearing up. He rubbed a hand over his face, skin wet with.

“Why are you crying?” Billy’s voice was heavy with a tone Steve was unfamiliar with. Steve took a deep breath, hoping to calm himself down. His chest shuddered, his shaking hands wrapped around him shoulders.

Steve tried to answer, but all he could do was shake his head. He was so confused. He didn’t know why he was crying. He didn’t know what Billy’s wrist said. He was sure that, if he said anything else now, he would fall off the edge. He was sure that he would follow Billy down, and be unable to climb back up again.

“Read it, Steve.” Billy held his wrist out to Steve again, his knees pulled up to his chest. His head was resting on them, blue eyes only half-open. Steve wiped at his face again, gently taking Billy’s hand to stop the shaking. Billy was always like a rock, sure of himself. He never seemed to be affected. So seeing Billy fall apart was eye-opening and world shaking.

Steve brushed a thumb over Billy’s inner wrist, mirroring Billy’s action only minutes earlier. He blinked once, then again. A flat, black tattoo was written in the same lettering as Steve’s, words plain but worrisome. Scars crossed out the words, but didn’t distort them.

“ *I ... ‘ I love you ’,*” Steve repeated. Billy pulled his hand back and curled in on himself. Steve watched, unable to believe his eyes, as

Billy broke apart in front of him. His face was slick with tears, and he clutched his wrist to his chest. He held so much pain for one man- no, this was a boy with a man's burden. An impossible burden.

Steve reached out to touch Billy- touch his hands, his shoulders, his face- but Billy flinched away before Steve could even make contact. He had turned his face away from Steve, miserable, shameful, angry.

Steve was starting to put together the pieces, why Billy insisted on keeping everyone at arm's length. To live with the pain, to know what the last words of your soulmate's would be, it was terrifying and cruel. No one in that room wanted to lose another person, nor each other. Yet the world was intent on ripping them apart.

Steve leaned forward, wrapping his arms around Billy. Billy unfolded slowly, clutching at Steve and burying his face in Steve's neck. Tears stuck to Steve's skin, warm and wet.

"We'll figure something out." Steve hoped that he sounded confident, because his hands were shaking and his heart was fluttering. Billy pulled back from Steve, parroting the words back to him in a cruel voice.

"Is that all you have to say?" Steve knew that Billy's frustration would transform into mean words and hateful glares and explosive punches. That was just a fraction of Billy, a gateway to the person-of-the-past. Yet enough of that Billy was here, in that bed, that Steve couldn't stop that flinch when Billy's voice rose. Steve's stomach flipped, his palms sweaty. "Why don't you-"

"Billy," Steve interrupted, clasping his hands together. His nails dug into his skin, urging him to continue before he lost what little nerve he had gathered. "We'll do this together. You and me."

Steve could feel his courage fraying every second that passed. Billy was just fucking *staring* at him, eyes dark and hair bunched at the base of his neck. Steve could only think about how in that moment, Billy was like a storm. He was wild and free and a torrent, lashing out in loud noise and violent thunder. Steve didn't want to run, though. He wanted the rain to wash over him, soak him, and the thunder to rattle his bones. He wasn't going to leave anytime soon.

He didn't know if he was Billy's soulmate or the other way around or whatever god damn way the world put it . He only knew that he loved this boy. He loved the boy with the passionate heart and angry eyes. He was unpredictable and playful and had the emotions of a roller coaster. And Steve was loving every fucking second of it.

Billy hadn't answered Steve after his declaration. His mouth curled, and Steve knew he had convinced Billy. Billy was usually a quick spit-fire, always having a comeback ready. To render Billy speechless was a victory, in it's own way.

"Shut up," Billy mumbled, but his words didn't have any real heat. Steve chuckled, allowing Billy to pull him close for a kiss, then ran a hand through his hair. Billy had a genuine smile on his face now, face still tinted red. "I think I'm in love with you, Harrington."

Steve grinned back, unable to help himself. He knew how much saying that meant from Billy. He was risking everything for Steve, and Steve didn't want to let him down. "A little slow on the uptake, aren't you, Hargrove?"

Billy grunted, ruffling Steve's hair before settling into the bed. Steve ducked away, pulling the covers to his chin and pressing himself back against Billy's chest. He could feel Billy's heartbeat, steady and reassuring. No matter what happened, they could rely on each other.

"Goodnight." Steve paused, pursing his lips before continuing. "Love you."

Steve could feel Billy staring at him, eyes burning a hole into the back of his head. Steve's ears burned, and he pulled the covers tighter around him. Had he been wrong to say that? Steve could feel the doubt bubbling in his mind. Maybe it had been too soon-

"Yeah." Steve was holding his breath, the steady beat of Billy's heart increasing at his back. But, Billy had already climbed back up from the cliff, pulling them both from the edge. "Love you too."